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PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

LEWIS BAKER.

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THE ST. PAUL GLOBE

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THE VETO PRESIDENT.

President CLEVELAND is entitled to the appellation of the veto president. His record as the vetoer of bills is unsurpassed, although he has only completed a little more than fifteen months of his term. It has been urged that the veto power reposed in the president is a dangerous feature in our organic law, as it places too much power in the hands of one man, which if used arbitrarily could be exercised to the detriment of the public interests. It is true that congress has the right by a two-thirds vote to pass a bill over the president's veto and that this fact to a certain extent answers the objection to the veto power. At the same time there are instances, such as the rush of business immediately preceding the adjournment of congress, when it would be next to impossible to get a vote on a vetoed bill, and thus the president would be master of the situation. However objectionable the veto feature may be, it cannot be urged against President CLEVELAND that he has abused this power, notwithstanding the frequency with which he has been called upon to use it. The people are with him in this matter. The public treasury has been tapped so often, and so nearly exhausted by the multiplicity of private bills which have squeezed through congress by one crook or another that the country is gratified to see a check placed on this extravagant system of legislation. As long as the president continues to exercise the same judicious discrimination that he has shown up to this time he can keep right along with the veto racket. Twenty-nine vetoes in one day is a good record, but if it takes 229 per day to check congressional extravagance we hope the president will pile them in.

A TIMELY REBUKE.

The grand jury of Hennepin county saw fit to give the Minneapolis daily newspapers a very appropriate lecture for their reprehensible conduct in publishing testimony relating to matters which were the subject of secret investigation by that body. The Minneapolis newspapers were probably led into this indiscreet action by their partisan zeal and the hope of trumping up a case against the Democratic administration of that city, As is well understood in newspaper circles, there are limits to legitimate journalism, and the publication of secrets which belong to a grand jury is not considered in the line of journalistic enterprise. A newspaper, like an individual, should hold the public interest of paramount importance to individual interests or private considerations. We are sorry that our Minneapolis contemporaries were so blinded by their partisan zeal as to grossly violate all the rules and established customs of journalism, and while we commiserate their misguided judgment, still we feel that they richly deserved the severe rebuke which the Hennepin county grand jury gave them. Our advice to them is to go and sin no more.

CALL TO THE UNCONVERTED.

The Dakota editors were sorely disappointed in not having an opportunity to shake hands with the two noted evangelists last evening. The protracted services at the camp ground delayed Brothers JONES and SMALL until it was too late to meet the Dakota brethren. Brother JONES was equally disappointed, but he desires the GLOBE to say that if the Dakota editors will put in an appearance at the camp ground this morning, at 10:30 o'clock he will give them talk. The GLOBE takes a special interest in our visiting Dakota brethren, and it is of the opinion that a right down good lamming from Brother JONES will improve their spiritual condition. If Dakota can't get into the Union it is some comfort to know that there is a chance for a Dakota editor to get into heaven. They are worth praying for.

SELFISH CHRISTIANS.

Brother JONES took a whack yesterday at the pharasaical doctors of divinity who set themselves up as shining guide-boards to the New Jerusalem, and then don't care a continental whether the traveler goes that way or some other way. Mr. JONES' rebuke need not to have been confined to that class of preachers who have handles to their names. There are thousands of just such so-called Christians in all departments of church work. They look upon their religion just as they do upon their bank accounts. As long as they think the investment is safe and pays a good dividend they put themselves to no trouble to get others to invest in the same securities. This is a mighty selfish world any way you turn it over.

THE DETROIT LYNCHING.

It is the sense of public opinion that an act of justice was meted out to a dangerous ruffian when JOHN KELLIHER was hung by a mob at the town of Detroit, in this state, night before last, yet there is a feeling of revulsion that justice had to be administered in that way. It is expecting too much of human nature that a community, however orderly or law-abiding it may be, shall submit to the ruffianly conduct of every desperado who inflicts his presence upon the community. Society owes it to itself to get rid of such tough characters as KELLIHER seems to have been in the quickest way possible, so long as the manner of his taking off does not bring a reproach upon the community of more serious consequence than the presence of the villain in their midst. There is no shadow of doubt that the enraged citizens of Detroit had sufficient provocation to excuse them for the lynching, if it did not justify them in the act. It was past all human endurance to have a defiant desperado walk the streets of a respectable town and shoot down its citizens in cold blood. Nobody is surprised that he was taken from jail by a mob and swung to the nearest tree. It would have been a surprise if it had not been so. And yet, now that it is all over and the passion of the lately infuriated populace has cooled off, it is easy enough to see that it would have been better if the lynching had not occurred. In one sense it is a stain upon the great state of Minnesota that such lawlessness should prevail within her borders. Mob violence is always to be deprecated. At this distance from the scene of the occurrence it is easy enough for us to moralize on it, and to deprecate it, but we must remember in extenuation of those who were parties to the lynching that when under the impulse of hot blood a man is not the moralizing philosopher that he is in his calmer moments. The GLOBE, in common with all good citizens of the state of Minnesota, regrets the Detroit occurrence, but it does not take any stock in that mawkish sentimentality which insists that it will inflict an irreparable injury upon the reputation of the state. With the many deplorable incidents connected with the tragedy it will result in teaching at least one healthy moral lesson. It will teach all tough characters of the KELLIHER stripe to steer clear of Minnesota territory. To be rid of such a gang is not going to hurt any community.

MAKES HIS RECORD.

Senator EDMUNDS has at last made his record for the presidential race. He goes before the country as the special champion of corporations. His action in securing a reconsideration of the BECK anti-fee bill in the senate, and its reference to the committee of which he is chairman in order that he may throttle it, is equivalent to making up a platform on which he will stand. He has made his bed and will have to lie. It is rather singular to find Mr. EDMUNDS in this role. Two years ago he stood aside holding his nose because of Mr. BLAINE'S odorous record in reference to corporations, and refused to lend a helping hand to the Republican party because of its tainted candidate. Now Mr. EDMUNDS' chief ambition seems to be to wear BLAINE'S mantle as the champion of corporations. Along with EVARTS and HOAR and the rest of the Republican senators he is making a sublime moral exhibition of himself as the attorney of corporations in the senate of the United States. Mr. EDMUNDS expects to win the Republican nomination for the presidency with this record. It is possible that he may do it, but that doesn't elect him. The people are well informed concerning the merits of BECK'S bill, and they are watching the senate carefully and are forming correct conclusions about the positions of senators who are retarding this piece of honest and necessary legislation.

HE WONT BUY.

Being a little vexed at the unaccommodating spirit manifested by the Milwaukee road toward the Red Rock Camp Meeting association, SAM JONES said last night that he was as independent as the corporations, because he was the son of a King who was able to buy the Milwaukee line and not miss the change from his pocket. At the same time it is safe to bet that SAM JONES' royal parent is not going to do anything of the sort. The Lord is not investing in Milwaukee stock at this time. Besides, the Milwaukee line is under the control of a Chicago management, and there are no dealings between the Lord and Chicago.

THE fifty surviving soldiers of the First volunteer regiment have been holding a reunion at Winona. The veterans represent the first regiment offered to the Federal government after the call for troops by President LINCOLN at the outset of the civil war. At the time of the call Gov. RAMSEY happened to be in Washington. A few telegraph messages between the governor and the members of the militia and the proffer was made, thus giving Minnesota the honor of having first offered a regiment of soldiers to the Federal authorities. Of the thousand who marched out of the state, but fifty odd live to recall old times.

CONGRESSMAN GROSVENOR of Ohio, at a recent banquet, announced that there was more intense feeling in the Buckeye state against the New England states than there was against the South. He assigns as a reason for the feeling that New England did not want the West and South to improve and desired to hold these two sections back by adverse legislation, or, rather, refusing such legislation as was for the benefit of the West and South. It is not known whether the sentiment was expressed, but it is highly probable that the banquet was not a cold-water affair.

IT IS doubtful if Senator BECK'S bill, prohibiting senators from acting as the attorneys for railroad companies, will ever become a law, as it is asking too much of many of the senators to vote for such a bill and thus cut off their own revenue. A few of the senators are revenue reformers, but their reform ideas do not include such purely personal matters.

THE Ice Palace directors are to have a meeting next week and close up the accounts and business of last winter's carnival. They will not consult the thermometer as frequently as was the case during the carnival season. The thermometer, if consulted, will show a difference of some 120 degrees, as read now and then.

THE members of the Second regiment of the Minnesota National guard are in camp at New Ulm. The citizens of the beautiful little city are proud of their military guests, a feeling that is quite generally shown by all residents of the state. The militia has ever acquitted itself in a most creditable manner.

HENRY WARD BEECHER will offer his services to GLADSTONE in the coming English campaign. If the distinguished divine really wishes to secure the election of GLADSTONE'S home rule followers, he should cable Brother BURCHARD of alliterative fame and get him to speak for GLADSTONE'S opponents.

THE Chicago Presbyterian ministers have about decided that it is sinful to chew plug tobacco, but that there is no sin in taking a bit of fine-cut or extracting the smoke from a good cigar. A bad cigar they are unanimous about as an abomination to the Lord.

THE socialists of St. Louis have abandoned their original plan of holding a demonstration on the Fourth of July. They are evidently afraid that the patriotic and celebrating children will endanger the lives of the foreign celebrants.

IF President CLEVELAND keeps on vetoing the private pension bills he will make a record as a wise and economical executive that will place him in the White house two years hence, whether he consents to run or not.

THE DAVIS-MASON Republican fight in the Third Illinois congressional district bids fair to continue, as was the case in 1884, until a Democratic representative is selected to represent that Republican district.

DAKOTA editors are in the city. They are here on pleasure bent, being on their annual excursion, and have not the copies of their respective papers with them. They are not writing up the Twin Cities.

THERE is one less gambler in Minnesota. KELLIHER, a rough at Detroit known as "Big Red," shot the village marshal, CONVEY, and the latter's friends strung the murderer to a tree.

THE school children are evincing more interest in the exercises of the school room than has been known during the entire term. The schools close to-day for the summer vacation.

MR. RANDALL proposes to introduce a little tariff bill of his own, just to show people that he can do something else than oppose all of Mr. MORRISON'S measures.

THE naval appropriation bill as it finally passed the house has no item to cover the construction of any new monitors.

MAYOR HARRISON of Chicago does not read the papers. He saw a copy of the Minneapolis Tribune and swore off.

MIDST THE MADDING THRONG.

No base ball club is complete nowadays without it has attached to the organization in one way or another, a mascot. The mascot is usually a small boy who is supposed to bring good luck to the players with whom he associates. The end desired to be accomplished is as old as the national game, but the specific name of the party engaged in that line is a comparative recent invention.

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From the early days of the National league the members of the different professional teams have entertained a belief that luck as well as science had a great deal to do with the winning of a game. The old St. Louis nine first started out with a lucky attachment to the team. This was along in the seventies. The lucky individual was a negro who chanced to visit the home grounds on the very days on which the St. Louis nine came out first best in its contest with visiting teams. This fact caused him to be looked upon as a harbinger of good fortune for the local players. They finally engaged him to take care of their bats while away from home, and thus attached him to the club. He lost his power, the St. Louis team was badly defeated on its first Eastern tour, and at the end of the season was near the end of the list.

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The Chicago players are responsible for the mascot, so called, as in the olden days, before the composition of the bright French opera of "La Mascot," the specific term was not given to the luck bringer, although his prowess in that direction was about the same as desired at the present time.

The Chicago mascot is a little boy, a white boy at that. His name is Willie Hahn. One afternoon last year he wandered over to the ball park and asked the door-keeper to let him in. As his request was about to be refused, one of the Chicago players, who had been playing in hard luck for several games, came up and "just for luck" got the little fellow inside the ground. That very day the player who had thus interested himself in the boy played without an error and made four base hits. The boy immediately became a mascot; was provided with a uniform, and formed a conspicuous object at each game as he sat on the bench set apart for the home players. His first trip away from home was to Detroit recently, when the latter team defeated the Chicagos two out of three games.

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"What is an exposition, Pa?" queried a Minneapolis child of his father, who was reading about the coming glory of the Flour City.

"An exposition, my child," remarked the fond parent, who had attended such affairs in other cities, "an exposition is a place where machinery is shown at a large expense to the stockholders." THE ONLOOKER.

R. E. Lee's Farm.

Baltimore Sun.

About five miles from West Point, at Rokonoke, lives R. E. Lee, Jr., who was a stripling in the ranks of an artillery company when his father fought the battle of Gettysburg. He was there, too. His estate, though extensive and inherited through his mother from George Washington Parke Custis, is cultivated by himself—not rented out. After the surrender he rode down straight to Rokonoke and commenced farming with his own hands, aided by a negro servant who had followed him through the campaign, and has been steady at it since, with the exception of a trip to Europe. The estate has been greatly improved under his judicious management. His cottage home is neat, and stands out a pretty picture on an immense bend or loop of the Pamunky, about to join with the York. A very snug bachelor retreat, it is furnished with many articles and utensils that did service at Mount Vernon; beautiful furniture, chairs, candlesticks, and particularly porcelain, still daintier old china and solid silverware of genuine antique form and make. Books, periodicals, newspapers are on hand as evidence of the outside world, for the cottage is five miles away from the nearest habitation, though the owner has little leisure, as farming operations, attending the horses and cattle, require the closest attention, amidst such a neglected and decayed neighborhood, to make them in anywise pay. A fine picture of the general hangs on the wall in the dining-room, and of course other prized relics of him are preserved with filial pride and care. In that little cottage is Lee's sword—the one of Appomattox Court House, and which was not surrendered to Grant.

Beautiful Mrs. Cleveland.

Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Cleveland is a beautiful woman, and she is better looking than any of the pictures which have been published to represent her. She is of about the same height as President Cleveland, perhaps a trifle shorter. She stands straight upon her feet, and her shoulders are very pretty, very straight, and well rounded. She has a beautiful neck, pretty pink ears, and her arms are large, fair and beautiful. Her complexion is fair, but not rosy, and her eyes are perhaps the prettiest feature of her face. She smiled upon nearly every man that shook hands with her last night, and the smile seemed each time as though it was intended for the man to whom it was addressed. It was not stereotyped, icy or effusive, but it was full of friendly feeling and personal magnetism. She made a splendid impression.

Fractured, but Not Broken.

Sioux Falls Argus.

P. P. Peck's little boy Porter met with quite a sad accident yesterday. While out riding his horse stumbled and threw him under it. He was badly bruised and cut, and at first it was thought that his leg was broken. Upon examination it was thought that it was only a fracture that would come out all right in a short time. The injuries are quite severe and will lay the little fellow up for some time.

Not Perfectly Satisfied.

Waseca Radical.

And still the big steals go on, Minneapolis is working through congress another $150,000 for their postoffice. Wants another story, probably. And Winona is to get $80,000 more for her government building. Better if congress evens up things a little by allowing a few dollars month to pay rent on the Waseca postoffice.

The Useful Lightning Rod.

Sioux Falls Argus.

The club-footed cigarmaker, who has been getting drunk frequently, was "full" again this morning. He was in Guy Weed's elevator in the way, but protected by Paulus' bull dog. Marshal Burnside, after poking the dog out with a lightning rod, captured "club-foot" and put him in the cooler.

Not Half Told.

Clearwater Advance.

We understand that ex-editor, ex-farmer, ex-representative, ex-Myers was not pleased at the allusions made to him in last week's issue. If Mr. Myers could hear all that is said about his efforts to "furnish brains for the alliance," he would give some one else a chance.

The New Police.

Waseca Radical.

Great Scott, but don't the police loom up behind their brass buttons. Keeley looks like a hollyhock and two brass nails. Bring out the caps and arm up with the clubs, boys, and have a little style about you.

A New Explanation.

Anoka Union.

After the old capitol building was destroyed by fire, St. Paul was so afraid she might lose it that a new one was started post-haste, and now the tax-payers are told that the structure is rotten from top to bottom.

Lonely Without Her.

Sauk Rapids Sentinel.

Mrs. Henry Chelgren left here a week ago to-day for a visit of a few weeks at Lake City with her friends there. In the mean time Henry is about as lonesome as a duck out of water.

Simply a Promise.

Hastings Gazette.

There is a promise of an exceedingly large crop of potato bugs this season, so make ready your tin pans and paris green.

Trying to Catch Up.

Bangor (Dak.) Rustler.

We have had an abundance of rain the past week, and the wheat is humping itself now to catch up.

A Beautiful System.

Toronto Globe.

Quebec furnishes a beautiful instance of the operation of the protective system. A tax was imposed on Lennoxville bakers seeling orders in Sherbrooke, and the former village will now impose a tax on Sherbrooke bakers delivering bread in Lennoxville. Each village will thus be amply protected against the other, and the happy people will be secured in the privilege of paying the tax in the enhanced prices of their bread.

Desires Another Wife.

The question of how long a time may elapse from the death of his wife before a man can marry again with propriety is about to come before a Philadelphia court for solution. It appears that Mr. Louis Wolf took unto himself a second partner of his joys and sorrows within five days after the demise of the first Mrs. Wolf. The hasty marriage excited the indignation of his brethren in the Rappaport lodge of the Free Sons of Israel, who thought that he was using his freedom in rather too loose a manner, and threatened him with expulsion. Mr. Wolf has therefore filed a bill in equity against the lodge to restrain it from expelling him. He alleges that his second marriage was consummated solely out of his concern for his several small children, who stood in pressing need of a stepmother. He might have given the Irishman's reason also, that his first wife was as dead as she would ever be, but he neglected this. The case will give the Philadelphia lawyers something new to argue about.

Not a Single One.

New York Herald.

"Kentucky has sent the best delegation to congress of any state in the Union," said Representative Robertson at Willard's tonight. "There isn't a damned fool among us."

An Extra Inducement.

Bangor Rustler.

To every subscriber in Walworth county owing us anything, who will call upon or send us $1 on account of subscription, we will present them with a fine new map of Dakota.

Without Convict Labor.

Duluth Tribune.

The GLOBE'S new and magnificent ten-story building in St. Paul will be erected without a lick of convict labor in it. Here's our right hand of fellowship on that.

Still Waiting.

Pipestone Star.

We have been waiting patiently to hear from the pocketbook advertised last Friday. A good reward will be given for its return with contents to this office.

He Knew the Sign.

Tid Bits.

She came into the office with a poem.

"Married or single?" said the man at the desk, taking the manuscript, but not opening it.

"It is a poem," she explained.

"I know it," he replied, looking at the blue ribbon with which it was tied.

"Are you married or single, is what I want to know."

"O, excuse me, sir, I'm unmarried."

That's enough. We don't want your poetry."

"Why not?" she asked, amazed.

"'Tain't poetry."

"Why, sir, how do you know? You haven't looked at it."

"That's no difference. You can't write poetry. Horace says, 'The poet is born, not maid,' and Horace's opinion is good enough for me. Good morning. Tom, go out and get a half column solid of that dog fight;" and the busy brains of the midnight thinker moved on in their ceaseless march.

Two Musical Giants at Play.

Boston Traveller.

Liszt in London told a friend that when he and Chopin were young some one told him that Chopin had a talent for mimicry. Liszt said to the Polish pianist: "Come round to my rooms this evening and exhibit this talent of yours." So Chopin came in a blonde wig. "I was very blonde at that time," said Liszt. Presently an acquaintance of Liszt came in, and Chopin went to meet him and took off Liszt's voice and manner so perfectly that the man was completely deceived and made an appointment with him for the next day. "And there I was in the room all the time," Liszt remarked, laughing.

They Sent to Save Heathen Souls.

Judge Tourgee in a Recent Lecture.

While practicing law a number of years ago, I had a peculiar will case. An old lady, who was a slaveholder, dying, bequeathed her colored man, John, and her dusky maid, Jane, who sustained to each other the relations of husband and wife, to the trustees of the church, to be used as far as possible to the "glory of God." I was curious to know what course was taken, and, upon investigation, found that, after meditation and prayer, the pious trustees sold their living legacy at auction and with the proceeds sent a missionary to China.

Six Sons of the Antipodes as Parrots.

Sun's Sunbeams.

A correspondent writes that a young woman in Washington makes a good living teaching American small talk to the young attaches of the Chinese and Japanese embassies. Not long ago she taught six young fellows precisely the same round of pretty phrases, and at a recent ball they hovered around a certain pretty girl, and all said the same things to her.

A Stiff Stand-Up Collar Saves a Life.

Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

Supt. Schmitt of the Cleveland police has in his possession quite a curiosity. It is a standing collar, well starched, and in the back, near the button-hole, a bullet has entered the collar and stuck there. The man who owns the collar was standing on Euclid avenue, near the park, when the bullet struck the collar. No report was heard, and it is believed to have been fired from an air-gun.

Mr. Vest Gayly Pulls Himself Down

Washington Critic.

Mr. Wescott of Baltimore was in Washington some time ago and called on Senator Vest. The servant took up his card, and as soon as the senator read it he remarked: "Ah, he must be a distant relative of mine, or at least some connection of the family. Bring him up."

His Shameful Conduct.

Amanda—Reginald, I understand you have been circulating the report that we are engaged, around town.

Reginald—And so we are, my dear.

Amanda—Yes, I know, but it seems as though a man who cared for my future happiness ought not to say anything that will prevent me marrying some good man.—Tid Bits.

Very Unreasonable.

Inspector—Your accounts show that you have issued rations to 10,000 Indians. But there are only 750 Indians on your reservations. Indian Agent—I can't help that. It is the duty of the government to provide the Indians. It is all I can do to issue enough rations to support my family in Europe, without finding the Indians to issue them to. The government can't expect me to do everything.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Getting an Education.

Boston Herald.

Here's a new way for an impecunious youth to get an education: The Bowdoin college base ball nine wanted a certain player's services, so money enough was provided to enable him to take a special course in college and thus make him a member of the nine. Other college clubs care so little about education that they kick at this arrangement.

A MATCH.

She lit my cigar;
We were parting, 'twas late,
Yet I still lingered on;
How I bless the kind fate
Which inclined her to light my cigar.

As she lit my cigar
I saw in her eyes
Something deeper than friendship,
And this sweet surprise
Made a match, as she lit my cigar.
—Providence Journal.

TO IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

Ignatius, thou iconoclast,
Again our faith is sadly shaken,
Our Shakespeare's day it seems is past,
But you, good sir, have saved your Bacon.

We "set a thief to catch a thief,"
For that the one will know his brother,
Your cryptogram proved this, in brief—
One cipher found out by another.
—The Rambler.

BY A BROTHER'S HAND.

A Young Farmer Living Near Arcola, Ill., Ends a Petty Quarrel With Fratricide.

At Chicago a Montreal Frenchman Raises Money by Mortgaging His Host's Imported Piano.

The Lawyers of St. Louis Elect a Socialist to Try Indicted Anarchists.

Contest Between the Laws of New York and Nebraska Regarding Bigamy.

Killed His Brother.

Special to the Globe.

MATTOON, Ill., June 24.—Four miles west of Arcola, Stephen Campbell and his brother, Harvey Campbell, engaged in a quarrel at their mother's house last night. Stephen shot his brother three times, two of the balls passing through his body and one lodging in his breast. Tho wounds were fatal. Stephen is barely 21 years of age, and has been married but a month. Harvey was 34 years old and leaves a wife and two children. Their home is in Arcola. The Campbell family has long had the reputation of being quick with the gun. The quarrel which had such a sad termination was due to the interference of Harvey in a little dispute between his brother and the hired man. Stephen has been arrested.

A FREE AND EASY GUEST.

He Mortgages His Host's Piano for Spending Money.

Special to the Globe.

CHICAGO, June 24.—M. Paul Legard of Montreal is an extremely enterprising Frenchman. On Wednesday evening he was comfortably ensconced in a berth on a Pullman car, bound for Canada via the Grand Trunk railroad. Just as the train was about to pull out, his slumbers were rudely disturbed by Detective Jones of the Central station. He was persuaded to put on his clothes and go to the Armory station and pass the remainder of the night in a cell. M. Legard is a son of a Montreal merchant. As a dutiful son should, he lent his abilities to the enhancement of his father's estate. This he did, so it is said, by having his father go into bankruptcy for $150,000, upon which transaction Legard pere realized over $75,000. Some ten days since M. Paul came to Chicago to pay a visit to friends, who lived nicely upon one of the avenues on the South side. On Wednesday morning his host was obliged to leave town suddenly. The visitor at once took steps to make some

RETURN FOR THE HOSPITALITY

he had received. M. Legard returned to his friend's house and informed his wife that her husband had negotiated a loan of some money upon which he had mortgaged a fine piano, which they had brought with them from France. Presently, when a piano truck was driven up to the house, she made no objection, other than a few tears of regret, to the removal of the piano. It was taken to Nichols' warerooms, where the wily Mr. Legard obtained $133 as a loan upon it. That done he proceeded to make himself comfortable by disposing of all but $39 of the money, some of it in preparations for a journey to Montreal. Contrary to his expectations his friend returned home Wednesday evening and learned of the treachery. He at once took the name of M. Paul Legard from his visiting list and then proceeded to the Central station and related the story of deceit and fraud. M. Legard went to the county jail yesterday in default of $500 bail to await a hearing. He telegraphed to his worthy sire to come to Chicago immediately with the $500 necessary to bail him out.

THE ANARCHISTS.

In St. Louis They Are Objects of Sympathy.

ST. LOUIS, June 24.—There was an interesting scene enacted at the court of criminal cullings to-day in connection with the election of a special judge to try the cases of the anarchists charged with indorsing at an unlawful assemblage the action of their Chicago brethren during the haymarket riots in that city. There were only a score of the members of the bar present to participate in the election, and the majority of those evidently favored the defense, for William Burch, an outspoken advocate of socialist doctrines, was chosen. Judge Noonan recognized the significance of their choice, and knowing him to be at present visiting in New York city, ordered that he qualify by or before 6 o'clock this evening, which time was also mentioned for a new election, should Mr. Burch not appear. Prosecuting Attorney Claiborne arose and asked leave to enter a nolle prosequi in the case. Judge Noonan answered: "It is exceedingly unfortunate that such a result as you describe should be brought about. I do not know how or where to fix the responsibility for the delay that this selection has caused, except to place it on those who participated in the election. Gentlemen before taking part in these elections should certainly acquaint themselves with the facts in the case. Your nolle prosequi in this case is accepted." New warrants, however, were immediately issued for the anarchists and they will be rearrested and another judge will be elected to try the cases.

Is He a Bigamist?

Special to the Globe.

VINCENNES, Ind., June 24.—News has been received here that Dr. Solomon Warren was convicted at Syracuse, N. Y., of bigamy. The court stated that the divorce he had obtained in Nebraska from his first wife on the ground of desertion could not be recognized in New York state, where adultery is the only complaint on which a separation can be based legally. The court, at the request of the defendant's counsel, suspended sentence pending an appeal, to the first Monday in September and fixed the bail at $6,500, which the doctor easily obtained. The case will probably go to the United States court on a question of constitutional law. The jury convicted Dr. Warren in accordance with the instructions of the judge of the court in his charge, but earnestly recommended him to mercy. The doctor seemed as cheerful as could be expected over the verdict, but feels that he is in a deplorable predicament. Dr. Warren is a resident of Vincennes. It is the general opinion that there was no chance of an acquittal and that the unfortunate affair must be settled eventually in a conflict between the laws of New York and Nebraska, and that considerable litigation will come out of it yet. Dr. Warren has started for his Western home.

Shot in Court.

BALTIMORE, June 24.—Late last night a difficulty occurred between Jerome Kuhne and Wallace Owing, during which Owing was cut with a knife. Kuhne was arrested and brought before a magistrate this afternoon, but before any witnesses could be found Owing stepped forward and shot Kuhne in the region of the heart.

He's Safe, at Any Rate.

Special to the Globe.

JOLIET, Ill., June 24.—Jack Connor alias Riley, a Chicago burglar who was sent to the Waupun prison in 1881 from Milwaukee for ten years for burglary and who escaped from Waupun on July 4, 1883, was to-day found to be in the Joliet prison serving a nine-year term under the name of John W. Benton, from Douglas county, sent up last spring.

Robbed a Chinaman.

Special to the Globe.

NEW ORLEANS, La., June 24.—Charlie Linden, an industrious Chinaman of St. James parish, who has accumulated about $5,000, was assaulted by two white men Tuesday, who beat him with clubs until they thought him dead. They then ransacked his house and secured $400 of his money. The Chinaman recognized one of them, a Creole named Teague, and was almost positive the other was Leon Levy, a Jew. Linden died yesterday after making an ante-mortem statement to this effect. Teague and Levy are in jail. They rely on proving an alibi.

ADDLED BY HOT WEATHER.

Disastrous Effect of a Very Warm Day on the Human Brain.

Chicago News.

"Hot enough for you? Warm day, ain't it? How's this for hot! Rather warm, eh?" These are a few of the most aggravated meteorological chestnuts to which the average man has to submit in the summer, and which he himself uses every time he sees a person whom he knows. The practice, begun doubtless in mild sarcasm some ages ago, has grown to the most fearful proportions, infecting every class, every trade, and every profession. It is not confined to the ignorant and the witless, but can be heard in the ranks of thinkers, lawyers, preachers, politicians, men of letters, staid business men, clerks, laborers, street car conductors and beggars.

The inclination of the American to sociable garrulity has something to do with it. Although eminently a man of business, he is ever ready to stop on the street and waste several minutes with a man whom he knows but slightly and—that only in a business way—in such brilliant repartee as this:

"Hello, Jones!"

"Ah, there, Smith!"

"Hot enough for you?"

"I should smile, I'm sweating like a horse!"

"Pretty warm weather."

"You bet! It's a scorcher."

"Well, I must be getting along!"

"So must I. Keep cool."

"I'll try."

"Well, so long!"

"Take care of yourself!"

And the two idiots part, only to meet other idiots, and go through the performance again with but slight variations. And this in face of the fact that the thermometers are indicating 90° in the shade. So long have they gone through this rigamarole of idiocy that they fail to notice the superfluity of their remarks.

And they haven't originality enough to keep their mouths shut.

The practice has become almost unendurable, and strangers so often apply it to you that one is often tempted to reply in the same strain as did Burdette, when a fiend told him it was cold. The humorist unbuttoned his coat, began fanning himself, and said: "I don't find it so." "Pretty good sleighing," rejoined the other. "No," said Burdett, "there is no snow, and its very warm and dusty." The granger moved off a step, and said: "If you ain't crazy you're an awful liar." "Good man," said Burdett. "I expect I am, but I am not a fool. I may tell startling lies, but I do not talk like an ass; and I would be thought a liar and a maniac rather than an imbecile. I do not come into a car where the thermometer marks three degrees below zero and tell a living, breathing, intelligent, sensitive man that it is cold. I do not watch sleighs spining by and then attempt to instruct, amuse or startle him by telling him the sleighing is good. I would rather astonish a man than bore him. In order to astonish him I may have to lie to him, but that is better than boring him. You might as well sit down and tell me that twice two is four as to tell me that it is cold. You might as well tell me that George Washington is dead as to tell me that sleighing is good. Go away, good man, go to sleep.

"I tell you it is fine; there is no snow; there is dust, and there are roses. I walked from the north pole this morning. Go, get thee to a nunnery, and when you can model your conversation on something besides the United States signal service reports, come and wake me up and hold me in the matchless charm of your instructive talk."

Not to Be Bluffed.

Detroit Free Press.

"President and wife git in town last night?" he confidentially inquired on the market yesterday morning.

"No, sir. They are not coming this way that I've heard of."

"They ain't! Don't they take in Detroit on their bridal tower?"

"No."

"Wall, that's funny. They got the story all over our nayborhood that the president and wife would be here to-day, and nothing would do but the old woman must ride in with me to see 'em. Say, Jane, this man says they won't be here."

"I don't believe it," she bluntly replied,

"I assure you, madam," he replied, "that any such report is false. The president and wife are in Washington."

She would not be convinced until her husband had inquired of several other persons and received the same replies.

"Waal, you've had your trip for nothing," he remarked.

"I guess not," she replied, as she climbed down over the wheel. "Samuel, the first thing on the program is ginger ale. Then comes soda water with sarsaparilla syrup. Then we'll have peanuts and pop corn, and, if we feel like it, we'll spread out some on candy. I'm going to show the president of the United States that he can't bluff me wuth a cent!"

Returning Good for Evil.

Texas Siftings.

Parson Whangdoodle Baxter meets Jim Webster, one of his parishioners.

"I hopes dat yer am still walkin' in de narrer paff, Jeems."

"I hope so, too, parson."

"Does yer carry out de golden rule ob returnin' good fo' ebil?"

"I has been returnin' good for ebil, but I'se been losin' money at de bizziness. No later dan las' week I lost a dollar by dat ar foolishness."

"How so, Jmees?"

"Gabe Snodgrass asked me ter change a dollar for him. I gib him two good silver half dollars for a bad dollar bill. Dat was returnin' good for ebil wit a vengeance."

"Jim Webster," said Parson Baxter, looking over his specs, "I wants ter ask yer a few queshons."

"All right, parson."

"Yer got de bad dollar bill las' week, didn't yer?"

"Yes, sah."

"Yer went to church las' Sunday, didn't yer?"

"Hey?"

"Yer heered me. Needn't make out yer didn't heah me. I seed yer in church las' Sunday. I had my eye on yer. You was skylarkin' wid dat saddle-cullered gal, Matildy Snowball. You was payin' no 'tenshun ter de gospel tidings. But dat's not the wussest raskility yer has been up ter."

"What does yer mean, parson?"

"Las' Sunday dar was a bad dollar in de hat, and, as Moses said unter Nathan, 'Dou art de man'; and yet yer have the gall to tell me dat you am in de narrer paff. Here's de bad dollar, and you jess shell out a good one ef yer don't wanter be slammed on de groun' an wrapped aroun' a tree."

"But, Parson Baxter—"

"Han' ober a good dollar for dis bad one. So, dat's right. Now you has been returnin' good for ebil some more. You are still in de narrer paff. Him what endureth to de end shell be saved. Good mawnin', Jeems;" and with a pleasant smile that seemed to meet behind his ears, Parson Baxter passed on.

His Case in a Lawyer's Hands.

Hartford Times.

The hopeful six-year-old son of one of Waterbury's best-known lawyers walked into the district court room the other morning and, presenting a black kitten with a string about its neck, said: "Papa, will you take care of my cat until school is out?"

Hell.

New York World.

The Concord school of philosophy will discuss "Dante and His Work" this summer. Dante has received strange applause from this generation of scholars and readers. It is curious that the age which doubts the existence of hell enjoys so much the poet who describes the boundaries, streets, alleys, and torments of the place of punishment. Why is it that both Dante and Ingersoll gain large audiences in these latter days.

Evening gloves in delicate shades have lace open-work tops reaching far up the arm. These are cool and pretty.

A SEASON OF STRIKES.

The Lake Shore Switchmen at Chicago Still Hold the Fort.

Three Hundred Silly Girls Quit Work at Cincinnati.

The Striking Switchmen.

CHICAGO, June 24.—During the day there was no change in the situation at the Lake Shore yards. Incoming freight trains have all been stopped at Englewood. The town of Lake, within the precincts of which the strike is confined, has a police force unable to cope with the crowd of strikers and their adherents. The sheriff of the county, during the former strike, made no serious effort to disperse the crowd, and in a published interview to-day condemns the railroad company, and declares that it has not lived up to its agreement, intimating that it offered to discharge the non-union men. This charge is denied by President Newell. This evening when the regular night switch engine left the round-house, Thomas Collins, one of the strikers, boarded the machine, and in a moment had induced Charles Coles, the engineer, to turn back. Coles informed the yardmaster that it would be impossible for him to go through the mob. During the day notice was given the switchmen that unless they reported for duty to-morrow, they are to consider themselves discharged, and are requested to call for their pay. It is asserted this evening by leaders among the strikers that before nightfall to-morrow Toledo, Buffalo, Detroit and Cleveland will be involved in the strike, and that a general tie-up in other departments of the company's works is not improbable.

Shortly after 3 o'clock an engine in charge of an engineer named Shea pulled out of the round-house at Forty-first street, and was immediately

SURROUNDED BY STRIKERS.

Excitement became very marked, and the men for a time were very threatening. The police arrested one of the most violent strikers, and succeeded in clearing the track, after which the engine started up to